

KAISER ASSUMES THE ROLE OF "WORLD DELIVERER"!

The Daily Mirror

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One Halfpenny.

SCOTTISH V.C. WHO STOOD ON A BOMB TO SAVE THE LIVES
OF HIS COMRADES.



Private David Ross-Lauder, V.C. (Royal Scots Fusiliers) with his parents and brother and sister. When with a bombing party which was retaking a sap he threw a bomb which failed to clear the parapet and fell amongst the men. There was no time

to smother the bomb, and Private Laudier at once put his foot on it, thereby localising the explosion. His foot was blown off, but the remainder of the party escaped unhurt as a result of this act of self-sacrifice.

SERVICE IN FRANCE.



Sister Eva O. Schofield, of Morpeth, who has been awarded the Royal Red Cross. She went to France in the first week of August, 1914, and has been on active service ever since with a contingent from Edinburgh Infirmary.

"THE RULER WITH A CONSCIENCE" IS GLUM.



The Kaiser and King Ludwig of Bavaria at Munich. This is the latest photograph of the Emperor who, in a letter to his Chancellor, says, he "has a heart for his enemies and wants to free the world."

RUMANIAN ORDER.



Flight-Lieutenant Arthur F. Jacob, R.N.A.S., who has been decorated with the Order of Michael the Brave by the King of Rumania for bringing down a German two-engined battleplane near Braila. He is a member of the Kingston Rowing Club.

DUKE'S APPEAL FOR NATIONAL ECONOMY.

How Everybody Can Help the Victory Loan.

MORE MILLIONS.

The Duke of Connaught, opening a National Economy Exhibition at Dulwich yesterday said he did not think there had ever been a time when it was more essential for everyone to practise economy.

When we were in the midst of a great war like the present it was important, he added, that everyone should recognise what economy meant and what it could produce.

He did not mean by economy that we should be stingy. That was not an essential of the English character.

We had every reason to be proud of our generosity as a race, but so much could be done by economy, not only in household management and our ordinary life, but also by economy in the construction of our manufactures.

We could not separate economy from the necessities of the war. If all practised economy it meant more money for the conduct of the war and a less loss of life among our brave soldiers and sailors.

WORTH A BATTLE WON.

He was quite sure that exhibition and similar exhibitions would help the War Loan, which meant a shortening of the war and the bringing of victory nearer.

Mr. R. S. Kindersley, a Director of the Bank of England and chairman of the National War Savings Committee, in a speech urged everyone to subscribe to the War Loan.

"No Government," he said, "However wise, no Army, however strong, no Navy, however alert, can win a war without the help of the nation as a whole.

Among the points which Mr. Kindersley emphasised were:—

It was impossible for the Government to get value for the money they are spending on war unless people went without an enormous number of things they had been used to having.

In this war everybody has got to pull. One of the things which strikes us is the extraordinary inequality of sacrifice. The War Loan gives an opportunity of trying to diminish that inequality.

Success for the new loan was going to be worth a battle won at the front.

MORE BIG SUMS.

The War Loan is still the talk of the country. Furthermore, it is "going strong."

Even yesterday's winter of cold did not debar all sorts and conditions of people from visiting banks and post offices to make investments.

Many princely sums were applied for: The Imperial Tobacco Company, £2,500,000 (nearly all new money).

The Refuge Insurance Company, Manchester, £2,500,000.

The Burmah Oil Company, Glasgow, £700,000 (£300,000 new money).

Messrs. Sutherland, shipowners, Newcastle, £500,000.

Mr. Holt, shipowner, Liverpool, £250,000.

Amalgamated Press, £50,000 (£25,000 new money).

No effort has been spared to assist the investor in clearing up any doubt or difficulty.

To-day those in charge of the information bureaux throughout the country will receive a special programme of hints and aids in dealing with the inquiries that are flowing in.

All applications to the post offices must be for stock to the amount of £5. The minimum of £5, and payment in full at the rate of £4 15s. for each £5 applied for must be made at the time of application.

A receipt for the sum paid will be given by the clerk who receives the money, and this receipt will be exchanged later for a certificate of subscription.

Investments for Children.—The War Savings Committee point out that children of seven years of age or over can invest in their own names. Younger children can have investments made on their behalf.

HELP THE INCOME TAX.

An interesting suggestion was made to *The Daily Mirror* yesterday by a professional man in the City, who is anxious to put money in the Loan.

"Why don't the Government make the next income tax instalment smaller?" he asked. "At this time of the year there are hundreds of thousands of men, like myself, with incomes of £500 downwards, who are almost 'snowed under' with Christmas bills."

"One of the biggest bills which they will have to pay during the next few weeks will be the income tax. A good many extra millions would be added to the loan if the instalment which the tax collector will be demanding shortly were made smaller this quarter."

The bigger instalment of the income tax could be paid in the summer."

Employers' Patriotic Office.—Messrs. Brunton and Son, of Musselburgh, the well-known Scotch wiremaking firm, posted a notice in their works yesterday announcing that they are ready to advance money to their workers without interest and buy Victory Loan stock for them.

Two shillings per week will be deducted from their wages for every £5 invested till repayment is completed.

FOR A CHILD'S SAKE.

Judge's Dramatic Appeal to Wife Who Ran Away.

TRAGEDY OF TOYS.

From Our Own Correspondent.

DUBLIN, Monday.—After hearing a sad story of domestic unhappiness in the King's Bench here to-day, Mr. Justice Gibson made a strong appeal to a wife to return to her husband.

The appeal fell on deaf ears. The wife declared, dramatically, that she had left her husband "for ever."

"Don't blame him too much," said the Judge, "and remember that after all you have only your husband and the world. You took him for better, for worse."

The case was one in which Andrew Thomas Stotesbury, a contractor, asked for an order against his wife for the custody of their only child, Dorothy Marie, aged eleven. The wife left home with the child, owing, as she alleged, to the husband's cruelty.

The applicant told a pathetic story of his quest for the child. He missed her one Saturday afternoon and went to where she had kept her toys. As they were not there, he knew the child had gone.

The wife alleged that the husband whipped her on many occasions and hardly ever spoke to her without swearing. He carried, she said, a loaded revolver, and some weeks ago he brought a considerable quantity of ammunition into the house. On another occasion he threw a chair at her and constantly beat her.

Mr. Justice Gibson said it would be cruel to tear the child from the mother, when she had not misconducted herself, and, as it was stated both parties were devotedly attached to the child, the case was adjourned for settlement.

SNOW PLOUGHS OUT.

Country Again in the Grip of Winter—Roads Impassable.

London did not escape the snowstorms that were prevalent throughout the country yesterday.

A blizzard of snow and hail visited North Yorkshire. Snow ploughs are in use, the drifts being 3ft. deep.

There were 18in. of snow in Breconshire and Carmarthenshire, and in the Peak of Derbyshire snowdrifts are 10ft. high. Traffic is suspended.

A severe snowstorm was experienced at Oswestry on Sunday night. The snow lay to a depth of about 12in. in the town. A way for traffic has been opened up by the use of snow ploughs, but the roads in the country districts are nearly all blocked.

GIRLS' QUICK LUNCHES.

1,200 Tasty Meals Served to Munition Workers in Ten Minutes.

"Twelve hundred women and girls flocked in to an appetising dinner, nicely cooked and at a price that would astonish the diner in the West End, and yet all were served within ten minutes."

This masterly accomplishment of the Ministry of Munitions was revealed by a photograph yesterday at an exhibition at Harrods of photographs of work in the shell factories.

"In this respect," she added, "the Ministry of Munitions has gained a success which even the famous *cuviers* restaurants of Paris cannot acquire."

Close upon half a million women are already working in the munition shops day and night, and their help is needed to aid the men in the trenches.

V.C.'s DOG MEG.

Mother's Pride in Hawker Hero—Pet's Place of Honour.

Private John Cunningham, one of the two new V.C.'s, was seventeen years old when he joined the East Yorkshires.

He was a hawker before the war and greatly prized a cream-coloured whippet, named Meg. His last words when he returned to the front for his last leave were: "Be sure and take care of my dog Meg," and the dog has always been given the place of honour near the fireside.

Cunningham's mother, seen yesterday, warmly praised the lad and, affectionately patting the dog, said: "Your master has won you something now, Meg, and you will soon have him home again."

SINGLE TRAM-DRIVERS MUST GO.

Five single tramway-car drivers, of ages ranging from twenty-six to thirty, were appealed for at the House of Commons Appeal Tribunal yesterday by the L.C.C. Tramway Department.

A representative of the department said that their position had become so difficult that they were obliged to appeal for these men.

"If you will give us time," he added, "we will press the War Office for all we are worth to let us have back some of the men who are not fit for general service."

A month was allowed in which this arrangement might be made, at the end of which time the five men must go.

MYSTERY DOCTOR 'H.'

Counsel's Story of Letter to Wife About "Honeymoon Tea."

"A VERY HUMOROUS MAN."

The story of an "unconventional doctor" was told at Westminster Police Court yesterday, when Hester Millicent Hearse, of Polham street, Fulham, claimed allowance on the ground of desertion from her husband, Ernest Henry Hearse, an engineer-chauffeur, of East Sheen.

Appearing for the complainant, Mr. Philip Conway said the parties had been married eight years and there was one child.

Though defendant had not thought fit to proceed with divorce proceedings, he had refused to support his wife since September last, and asked her to refrain from returning home.

Defendant had, it appeared, found a letter to his wife from a doctor. Though it was couched in flowery and affectionate language, there was really nothing incriminating. The doctor was a man of "unconventional habits," and had been on terms of friendship with both parties.

Complainant, giving evidence, said she had been alone with the doctor for weeks in his car. The doctor (referred to by initial H.) was a very humorous man, and had kissed her.

Afterwards he apologised. Mr. Rooms, counsel for the defendant, read a letter which he said was found in the wife's drawer.

It was addressed to "My Dear Little Hester," and referred to outings in his car described as "the elopement" and "the honeymoon tea party."

Counsel made a reference to an alleged incident with another gentleman, referred to as Mr. B, at Herne Bay, asking his client to tell the Court (and why) he refrained from names and shielded people.

Defendant: There has been other trouble. I think my wife has occasioned quite sufficient suffering.

Further questioning elicited from defendant that he took Divorce Court proceedings and withdrew them. At first he put the worst interpretation on the letter in evidence, but now he was willing to take a more lenient view.

The Magistrate: I shall give these young people another opportunity of adjusting their differences by adjourning the case.

"I AM INNOCENT."

Convicted Blackmailer's Dramatic Outburst in Court.

In appealing against his sentence of three years' penal servitude for attempting to blackmail Mr. Godfrey Isaacs, Thomas A. Jackson, as his own counsel, displayed great skill before the Criminal Appeal Court yesterday.

His appeal was dismissed. Jackson has a fine voice, and is a speaker of considerable ability, although he many times remarked that he was only a layman in these matters.

His appeal was dismissed. Jackson has a fine voice, and is a speaker of considerable ability, although he many times remarked that he was only a layman in these matters.

There was nothing in the evidence, argued Jackson, to support the statement that these words were used.

When their Lordships' decision was announced Jackson exclaimed dramatically:—"I am entirely innocent, and I regard it as a gross miscarriage of justice."

GARDENING AS "DRILL."

Allowed to Grow Vegetables Instead of Joining Volunteers.

Having been given exemption by the House of Commons Appeal Tribunal, on condition that he joined the Volunteers, the applicant, a man of forty-one, asked to be excused this.

He had, he said, a large allotment, and he devoted Saturdays and Sundays to growing vegetables quite enough to keep a man employed, and if he were compelled to join the Volunteers he could not do his present work.

The chairman said he quite understood that, and they would excuse him joining the Volunteers if he would undertake to continue his vegetable growing.

NEW MEAL RULES?

Lord Devonport Asks Restaurant Managers to Confer with Him.

Are the two-course lunches and the three-course dinners to be further curtailed?

This week Lord Devonport, the Food Controller, will tackle the problem of enforcing economy in hotels and restaurants, and the leading managers have been asked to confer with him.

The restricted menus ordered by Mr. Runciman have not proved a success by any means, and some amendment in order the better to secure the desired end is certain.

CAPTAIN FRY MYSTERY.

No word has been received from Captain Fry, of the Rillerham liner *Lesbian*, says a Liverpool correspondent, since the vessel was torpedoed and he was taken prisoner on a U boat.

NEW CENSUS OF THE COUNTRY'S MAN POWER.

Mr. N. Chamberlain's Way of Supplying Workers.

"WHAT IS YOUR PRICE?"

What have you done? What are you doing? What can you do? And what will you do?

These, briefly, are questions to be put and answered for a new index which Mr. Neville Chamberlain is compiling at the National Service Department, of the men in the country who are available for employment.

The number of men employers can release for military service if substitutes are found is also being ascertained.

The following are some of the particulars which are demanded from the recipients of the forms:—

Name.	Parents' nationality.
Address.	Present work.
Year of birth.	References.
Date of birth.	Past employment.
Nationality at birth.	Pay wanted.
Nationality now.	Present income.

HOW TO GET EMPLOYERS.

Are you exempt from military service? If so, why?

Are you at present in a fit state of health? Have you had any serious illness during the past five years?

From the index, employers will be furnished with a list of the men suitable for them, and when they have selected those they require the men so chosen will be informed and be requested to proceed at once to their place of work.

Full details of the man's employment for the last ten years are asked for, with the names of his past and present employers.

If he is exempted from military service on medical grounds, he will be required to send the certificates to the department, and if he has had any serious illness during the last five years he must state fully the nature of it.

In view of the fact that a department of National Service has been established, the War Cabinet has dissolved the Man-Power Distribution Board and has transferred the powers and archives of the Board to the Director-General of National Service.

VICTIM TO "T.N.T."

Jury Recommends Medical Examinations for Factory Hands.

An inquest was held at Wood Green yesterday on Florence Chandler (13), who was employed at a factory and died in St. Bartholomew's Hospital from "T.N.T." poisoning.

The jury returned a verdict of death from misadventure, and added a rider that the employees at all factories should be medically examined once a fortnight.

HIS GREAT ILLUSION.

Suicide of Man Who Tried to Solve Perpetual Motion Riddle.

"He became depressed because he found that his idea that he had discovered the source of perpetual motion was an illusion," said a witness at a Lambeth inquest yesterday on Thomas M. Todd, 32, chemist's assistant, of Blackburn.

He came to London to complete his invention. It failed, however, and later he was found unconscious from the effects of veronal. A verdict of suicide whilst temporarily insane was returned.

"PATRIOTIC" HUNS.

10,000 Germans Become Swiss Subjects in One Moment.

ZURICH, Monday.—During 1916 more than 10,000 German residents in Switzerland have become naturalised Swiss subjects.

A stroke of the pen has transformed them from alien enemies into friendly neutrals.

Fortunately the rigid precautions in force in connection with the granting of a passport to Swiss subjects desiring to visit England suffice to nullify any danger from this source.—Wireless Press.

WOMAN'S TALE OF MAN IN A MASK.

Charged with assaulting Mrs. Shepherd, the wife of an officer in the R.F.C., Roland Yorke was brought up on remand at Feltham yesterday.

Mrs. Shepherd said that prisoner knocked at her front door at eight o'clock in the morning, wearing a mask. When she opened the door he jumped at her, put his hand over her mouth and flung her back into the dining passage. She called for Mrs. Day, a neighbour, who was in the kitchen. She ran in and pulled prisoner away. Accused was committed for trial.

KAISER DISCOVERS A CONSCIENCE AND KIND HEART

Germans Rushing Up Reinforcements to the Western Front.

INDO-CHINESE TROOPS FIGHTING FOR ALLIES.

Rumanians Make an Advance of Three Quarters of a Mile—Explosion on Japanese Cruiser.

The chief features of yesterday's news were:—

KAISER AND HIS CONSCIENCE.—The German Peace Note resulted from a letter written by the Kaiser on October 31, the text of which was issued yesterday. It is a remarkable document, in which the Kaiser poses as "the world's deliverer" and as "a ruler with a conscience."

WESTERN FRONT.—An Amsterdam report states that the Germans are rushing up reinforcements to a formidable extent. Berlin claims successful reconnoitres.

RUMANIA.—The Rumanians have thrown the Germans back three-quarters of a mile on the River Kasino. Berlin claims that the last Russo-Rumanian position south of the Sereth has been captured.

BALKANS.—Indo-Chinese troops have been in action, reports the French official communiqué from the Balkans, near Lake Ochrida. Progress was made at Sveti.

GERMANS RUSHING TROOPS TO THE WEST. ARABS TEND THEIR HERDS AMID SMOKE OF BATTLE.

Church Bells Ring as Reinforcements Hurry to the Front.

AMSTERDAM, Monday.—A frontier correspondent reports that guns were thundering on Saturday from the south, south-west and west.

German troops were hurrying along the muddy roads, and artillery activity from the German side was particularly lively. At the same time troops are hastening towards the north-west. All the church bells were ringing.

It is not clear what is going on, but at any rate the Germans are making preparations, and are reinforcing to a formidable extent. The whole valley of the Scheldt, the banks of the Dender and other rivers are provided with new waterworks.

The Allies' airmen display great activity.—Central News.

KAISER'S ENVOY TAKES A U BOAT TRIP TO ATHENS.

German Military Attache Spends Several Hours with Greek King.

ROME, Monday.—The Athens correspondent of the *Messenger* states that Colonel Falkenhayn, the German Military Attache, has arrived in Athens, having come from Kavalla in a submarine.

He remained several hours in Athens as the guest of the King, and afterwards embarked again at Larissa for Kavalla.—Central News.

Larissa is an inland town, so that Colonel Falkenhayn could not have embarked there. He may have taken the train at Larissa for Volo and embarked at Volo for Kavalla.

Marshal von Falkenhayn, says a Rome Wireless Press message, has arrived at Larissa for a conference with the King of Greece.

There has been confusion between the names of Falkenhayn and Falkenhayn, and the message obviously refers to the latter.

FALKENHAYN MYSTERY.

PARIS, Monday.—Dealing with the comparative lull in the operations in Rumania, M. Marcel Hudin, writing in the *Echo de Paris*, says:—

"As to the Rumanian front, the truth, in all probability, is to be sought in the following, alternative considerations. Either

(1) The German and Austro-Hungarian troops are fatigued by the immense efforts they have just made; or

(2) The Russian resistance has become so strong that we are arriving at a war of positions, as opposed to movement; or

(3) A great part of the Austrian and Bulgarian forces has been taken from the Rumanian front and the Dobruja in order to transfer it to some other front.

"The name of Falkenhayn continues to shine throughout the last fortnight by his absence from the German communications, while, on the other hand, for the first time for the last six months, the Austro-Hungarian communiqués speak of fighting south of Ochrida.

"We must wait for the communiqués of our army of the East before forming any opinion as to these operations. They will no doubt enlighten us as to the enemy's intentions on the roads leading to Koritza and Janina in the Greek Epirus."—Exchange.



The Bulgarians claim shelling Galatz.

RUMANIANS ADVANCE NEARLY A MILE.

Berlin on Capture of Last Position South of the Sereth.

RUSSIAN OFFICIAL.

Rumanian Front.—The Rumanians attacked the enemy occupying positions on the heights five miles south-east of Monastirka-Kachmil (on the River Kasino), and, after violent bayonet fighting the enemy was thrown back three-quarters of a mile towards the south.

Enemy detachments which had assumed the offensive in this region were, with the assistance of Russian troops, not only repulsed; but also pressed back one and a half miles to the south. In the region of Vadeni (seven and a half miles south-west of Galatz) the enemy, about a regiment strong, took the offensive against our advanced guards, which withdrew slightly northward.

Enemy detachments, after a strong artillery preparation, attacked our positions several times in the region of Telioules (eight miles north-east of Pocsani). All these attacks were repulsed with great losses to the enemy.—Admiralty per Wireless Press.

GERMAN OFFICIAL.

Front of Archduke Joseph.—To the north of the Susita Valley our recently-captured positions were attacked by strong Russian and Rumanian forces. The enemy was everywhere repulsed.

Army Group of von Mackensen.—Between the mouths of the Buzal and the Sereth the town of Vadeni, the last position still held by the Russians to the south of the Sereth, was taken by storm in spite of the unfavourable weather.—Admiralty per Wireless Press.

BULGARIAN OFFICIAL.

Rumanian Front.—On the Lower Danube, between Galatz and Isaceia, there was occasional artillery fire on both sides.

From our bank we bombarded the military establishments at Galatz, the station and the railway bridges near the town. A fire broke out in the railway station.

Our aeroplanes dropped bombs on the port of St. George's and near an aeroplane station.—Reuter.

U BOAT THAT LOST ITS WAY IN A FOG.

FLUSHING, Monday.—Dutch warships last night brought in here a German submarine which they found in Dutch territorial waters. The submarine will be interned.—Reuter.

FLUSHING, Later.—The German submarine which was brought into Flushing last night was released after investigation and conducted outside territorial waters.—Reuter.

THE HAGUE, Monday.—The following official statement is issued here:—

On Sunday afternoon about 4.15 a German submarine, which had lost its way for several hours in dense fog and a strong tide, was encountered about a mile inside the limit of Dutch territorial waters.

The submarine was ordered by a vessel of the Dutch patrol service to anchor pending the decision of the Government.

After the commander of the submarine had given a written declaration that for the whole day he had not been in touch with enemy forces and that his presence within territorial waters was not the consequence of pursuit by enemy forces, the Dutch Government gave the submarine permission to put to sea again, holding that the state of the weather at sea—the prevalence of thick fog—was the cause of the submarine entering Dutch territorial jurisdiction.

EXPLOSION ON JAPANESE BATTLE CRUISER.

TOKYO, Monday.—An explosion, which occurred in the magazine of the Japanese battle-cruiser *Taukuba*, anchored in the harbour of Yokosuka, set fire to the ship.

The state of the weather at sea—the prevalence of thick fog—was the cause of the submarine entering Dutch territorial jurisdiction.

Another detachment made slight progress beyond Sveti.—Reuter.

Fairly great artillery activity is reported on the Arve and between the Aisne and the Argonne.—Reuter.

To the north of the Somme lively artillery fire continues, whilst advances by enemy patrols were reported at many points.

Our reconnoitring detachments succeeded in bringing back prisoners and machine guns after successful operations.—Admiralty per Wireless Press.

TURKISH OFFICIAL.

East of Kut-el-Amara there were some engagements between reconnoitring patrols. On the remaining fronts there is nothing of importance to report.—Reuter.

KAISER AS "WORLD DELIVERER."

German Emperor Explains Why He Proposed Peace.

BAVARIAN KING'S MESSAGE

Another astounding letter from the Kaiser has come to hand.

In this epistle, addressed to the German Chancellor on October 31, the Emperor tells why he proposed peace. It was, he asserts, because he had a "heart for his own and hostile peoples," and was inspired by a desire to "deliver the world from sufferings without minding possible wrong interpretations of his act."

KAISER'S "CONSCIENCE."

AMSTERDAM, Monday.—The *Norddeutsche Allgemeine Zeitung* publishes the following letter from the Kaiser to the German Chancellor, dated October 31, and said to prove the Emperor's "honest desire to conclude peace":—

"Dear von Bethmann-Hollweg,—I have earnestly considered our last conversation. It is clear that the peoples of our enemies, caught by war psychosis and supported by lies and deceit, possess no men able or firm enough to speak to liberate the world.

Making a peace proposal is an act necessary to deliver the world, including neutrals, from obsession. For such an act a ruler is wanted with a conscience who feels responsible towards God and who has a heart for his own and hostile peoples.

A ruler is wanted who is inspired by a desire to deliver the world from sufferings without minding possible wrong interpretations of his act.

I have the courage to do it. I will venture it, relying upon God. Please give me soon a note and prepare everything.—Wilhelm.—Central News.

"THIS FATEFUL HOUR."

AMSTERDAM, Monday.—According to a Munich telegram, the King of Bavaria has sent the following telegram to the Kaiser:—

"The strong words which your Majesty in your indignation at the arrogant reply of our enemies has addressed to the German people find a lively echo in all our hearts.

"I know that I am at one with all my Bavarians when at this fateful hour I again assure your Majesty that our unshaking loyalty and we will continue the fight which was forced upon us in order to enforce the peace which our enemies still refuse us.

We were ready for an understanding. Our enemies take a different view.

"The heroism of our victorious troops and the self-sacrificing heroism of the entire people will also henceforth defy all the attacks and all the malice of our enemies and will lead us to victory and to peace.

"May God continue to be with our just cause."—Reuter.

TSAR FORESHADOWS NEW SITUATION IN BALKANS.

PARIS, Monday.—The *Matin* publishes an article by Admiral Fournier on the impressions he gathered from his visits to the Rumanian and Russian General Staffs.

Admiral Fournier states that the Tsar told him that in the course of a few weeks the military situation in the Balkans would assume a different aspect.

Admiral Fournier adds: "One may expect to see the enemy mastered and his progress stopped by cold and exhaustion, while his efforts are increasingly being paralysed by his efforts in the neighbourhood of Salonika, where he will be made to pay more and more dearly by a constant drain on his resources.

"His successful incursion in the Balkans will break down against the Russian effectives which are constantly being reinforced.

"When the German bull has spent his strength and shed his blood in streams on the Eastern fronts he will in a final desperate rush collapse under the sword of France and the no less redoubtable sword of England, which is being made keener every day to deal the coup de grace."—Reuter.

REICHSTAG TO MEET SOON.

ZURICH, Monday.—According to the *Schweizerische Zeitung* (Basel) the German Government is in negotiation with the various party leaders with reference to the convocation of the Reichstag before the end of January.

At the opening session, it is stated, the Chancellor will speak on the subject of the Allies' replies to the Central Powers and to President Wilson.—Central News.



KEEP PEPS
handy as the sure and safe remedy for Winter Coughs, Colds, Sore Throat, Influenza and Bronchitis.

Keep the lads at the front well supplied, too. They can have nothing better than Peps to ward off "Trench Colds" and the chest troubles caused by exposure to bad weather.

The Peps medicine is breathed in as a Peps tablet dissolves in the mouth. It penetrates where liquid physic cannot reach, and provides *direct and instant protection* for every part of the throat and chest.

Peps

The Standard Remedy FOR COUGHS, COLDS & BRONCHITIS

1/3 or 3/- per box at Chemists, Stores, &c., or same price by post from the Peps Co., Leeds.

FREE TEST.

You are invited to test Peps free of cost. To every person who sends this coupon and a penny stamp (for return postage) to The Peps Co., Leeds, a dainty free testing packet of Peps will be posted. "Daily Mirror," 16/1/17.

WONDERS OF MODERN SURGERY.



A wonderful operation has just been performed at the Metropolitan Hospital. This private who had a bullet extracted from his brain, was conscious the whole time, and displayed the liveliest interest in the proceedings.

"GLAD OF A TUB."



Miss Pru Temple, who was out selling puzzles at 5 a.m., her first customer being a workman who was about to join up. "I shall be glad of a tub myself when I am at the front," he said.

SPLENDID DEEDS.



Plt. W. Keleher, D.C.M. He led a bayonet charge, killing many Huns, and rescued an officer.

Cyclist H. Sharp (Military Medal). He captured a Hun spy, an officer, who posed as a refugee.

SHOES FROM OILCLOTH.



Lady Lawrence, who holds a class at Purley, teaching a pupil how to make a pair of shoes for a wounded soldier out of old pieces of oilcloth and carpet. They are greatly appreciated by the men.

CONCERTS FOR SERVICE MEN ONLY.



The audience at the Princes Theatre, where Mr. Seymour Hicks is giving a series of free Sunday evening concerts for men on leave.—(Daily Mirror photograph.)

Quick Recovery

A WELL-KNOWN doctor has drawn attention to one very valuable feature of Hall's Wine. He says: "I often order Hall's Wine for my patients, as I find they quickly recover with it."

This is important now that Influenza is increasing, as Hall's Wine not only wards off attack—it ensures quick recovery from its weakening after-effects as well.

Hall's Wine is the surest and safest restorative in Winter ailments—bronchitis, coughs, etc. It benefits from the first wine-glassful. By its action on the heart and lungs it increases the oxygenation of the blood and invigorates the whole system. Those suffering from nerve strain, overwork, or anxiety find Hall's Wine is invaluable.

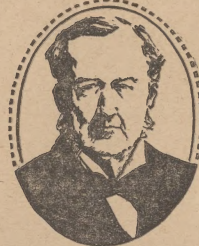
Hall's Wine

The Supreme Restorative

GUARANTEE.—Buy a bottle of Hall's Wine to-day. If, after taking half of it, you feel no real benefit, return to us the half-empty bottle and we refund outlay.

Large Size, 3/9

Obtainable of all Wine-Merchants, and Grocers and Chemists with wine licences. STEPHEN SMITH & CO., LTD., BOW, 162



THE NERVOUS AGE.

Has the reader noticed how nervous people have become nowadays? A well-known physician says that half the patients who come to him in these times are nerve starved; and the disorder is growing commoner every month. Restlessness, disturbed sleep and headaches are only a part of what the patients suffer. The worst is their misery of mind. They cannot face the smallest difficulty. A slammed door tortures the raw nerves. Their minds are undecided, their tempers irritable, their courage and concentration all gone.

The worst of it is, said the doctor, that people in this condition are tempted to fly to drugs. Morphia, cocaine, opium and similar things have an evil fascination. Others overfeed themselves with fancy foods in the hope of building up their nerves. The right way to treat starved nerves is to look to the blood, for a healthy, well-nourished blood-stream feeds the nerves, quickly restoring lost vitality and bringing the mind up to its old power. Dr. Williams' pink pills for pale people owe their wonderful reputation to their power of making new blood—the only thing that will make healthy nerves. **FREE.**—The effects of modern life upon the nerves are explained in "Nerves and their Needs," to be had free if you send a postcard to Post Dept., 46 Holborn Viaduct, London.—(Advt.)

Daily Mirror

TUESDAY, JANUARY 16, 1917.

MONEY v. MEN.

THE old, old quarrel between the two schools of war criticism goes on.

On the one side, you have the "military" critic telling us that the war will be won by the military, if only the military get enough men. "More men, more men, more men"—thus, to satiety, rumbles the military critic.

On the other side, you have the civilian critic who says that the war will be won by money, by an economic offensive and defensive. "More money, more money, more money," he calls out—just now, especially, that the War Loan is being launched.

And while each of these loud-voiced gentlemen articulates his own complaint, neither, it is obvious, makes or intends to make the faintest attempt to understand the position and point of view of the other.

Cannot neutrals, so to speak—neutral observers, patient British public—attempt to reconcile them?

To say or to imply, as the military correspondent incorrigibly does, that if you keep on giving men, more men, to the military, they will win for us, is an odd method of summing the lessons and results of the war: but you cannot expect a military critic to admit that he or any other military man, from highest general to humblest subaltern, is anything but perfection.

To mere outsiders, however, it is perfectly clear that men, more men, will not win this or any other war, *without fine leadership and concentration of military purpose*. One of the tragedies of the first two years of the fighting was waste of men—waste of men by bad generalship, waste of men by side-shows and dispersal of forces everywhere. If we started a side-show in every available country or island in the universe and had many battles of the Neuve Chapelle type eighty million men would not suffice to win for us. Men obviously, we must have. But also fine economy of men, and concentration.

Take, as an instance, Verdun and the Germans at Verdun.

Could there be a bigger refutation than this of the theory that numbers will win the war? Did Germany lack men? She poured her thousands into Moloch's mouth. Net result—nil. Bad generalship, and wrongness of purpose will absorb all the men you can provide.

Meanwhile, we have the whole financial burden of the alliance on our shoulders, and if we failed to shoulder it bravely and swiftly the war would stop to-morrow. That is certain. That, in spite of the visions and guarantees of military critics, is a fact. And it is this fact that has told. We are winning—we are in a superiority—from the economic point of view. Our purely military failures have been immense. Our economic war begins to succeed. Yet, in spite of this, that stares us all in the face, your military critic will still go on telling you that exports and millions don't matter so long as we get the men! And if we tell him that our money is winning at least as obviously as our military, he will retort that the money has prevented the military from winning!

This is a time for conferences. Why not call the military or "more-men" school into a day's session with the economic or "more-money" school and persuade them, by the impartiality of an editor or overseer, to stop contradicting one another in the public Press.

W. M.

FEARLESSNESS.

Since Nature's works be good, and death doth serve
 An Nature's work, why should we fear to die?
 Since fear is vain, but when it may preserve,
 Why should we fear that which we cannot fly?
 Fear is more pain than is the pain it fears,
 A cowardly heart is more afraid of death,
 While each conceit an ugly figure bears,
 Which were not evil, well viewed in reason's light.
 Our only eyes, which dimmed with passions be,
 And scarce discern the dawn of coming day,
 Let them be cleared, and now begin to see
 Our life is but a step in dusty way.
 Then let us hold the bliss of peaceful mind:
 Since this we feel, great loss we cannot find.

—SIR PHILIP SIDNEY.

IRISH OPINION AND THE WAR.

HUMOROUS SIDELIGHTS ON PAT'S POINT OF VIEW.

By LYNN DOYLE.

WHEN I am over in England I am sometimes asked "How is Irish opinion being affected by the war?" and I always answer that I cannot tell.

Neither can I.

Nobody in Ireland can.

The Irishman who will dogmatise about Ireland has been resident in England a long while. The only authoritative pronouncements I receive on the subject are contained in Press cuttings from English papers sent me by a friend in Manchester.

But one may venture to say that, just as England is more detached in her attitude towards the war than France, so Ireland is more

of spectators returning from a Gaelic football match—Nationalists to a man, no doubt, inspired either by this alien incursion or by his proximity to the Boyne, the Ulsterman found his voice, and broke into, of all songs in the world, the chorus of "Dolly's Brae." I reached for my luggage. Probably you wouldn't understand why. Neither did the Nationalist party in the carriage till the singer came to the third line, which he delivered with special gusto:

"And the tune he sang was Kick the Pope
 Right over Dolly's Brae."

AN AVERAGE DISPUTE.

A drunken man is sacrosanct in Ireland, and nothing happened but the temporary extinction of the singer by two non-coms. But if, after this incident, I had been asked "Stands Ulster where she did?" I think my answer, in parliamentary phrase, would have been in the affirmative.

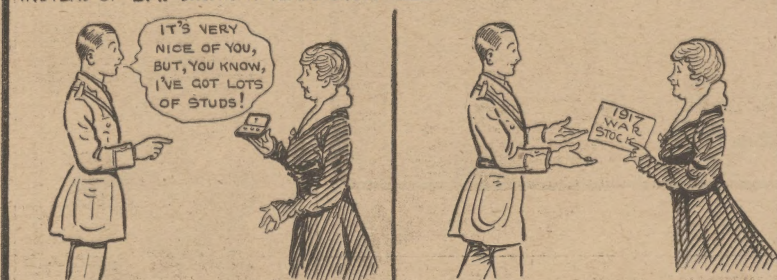
But then a couple of weeks later I travelled from Dublin to Belfast. Two soldiers,

THE BEST KIND OF PRESENT FOR 1917—

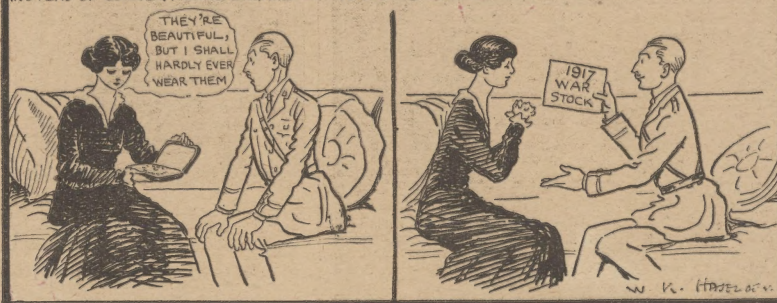
INSTEAD OF THE USELESS CHRISTENING MUG



INSTEAD OF 21ST BIRTHDAY PEARL STUDS



INSTEAD OF CONVENTIONAL ENGAGEMENT PRESENTS



—is War Loan stock with the splendid interest offered by the Government.—(By W. K. Haselden.)

detached than England. The war is ever-present with the French people.

Occasionally the Germans send across a few Zeppelins to keep it prominently before the English. No Zeppelins come over to Ireland, thank goodness; and we are so much occupied with the projected rebuilding of our own firing line in Dublin that we do not always remember about the firing line in France. Our outward life is not much changed. As to our inward state, especially in politics, I rely, as I have said, on English Press cuttings. No one living in Ireland could deduce it.

I travelled from Belfast to Dublin one Sunday night not long ago.

There were about a dozen soldiers in the open corridor carriage—Ulster Division men. One of them was drunk—the only man who should have kept sober: for he thought he could sing. He made some hundred attempts to begin, but always failed. At Dundalk, however, the carriage was filled with a crowd

after wandering up and down the train as soldiers do who have been at the front, sat down side by side and entered into a discussion. Neither of them, I am sorry to say, thought much of the High Command. One of them was convinced that "if Ned Carson got his way at the War Office the Germans wouldn't last long." The other, after a brief review of Sir Edward's past and a pessimistic surmise as to his future, proceeded to show at some length that the brains of Europe were concentrated in the head-piece of one Joseph Devlin, "the sitting member for West Belfast, my lad, and don't you forget it."

At this stage of the debate, which was conducted in language that attracted general attention, a civilian joined issue with Mr. Devlin's supporter in terms that showed no declension from the military standard, and proffered immediate combat.

Instantly the Carsonite turned on him:

INVEST TO-DAY!

OUR READERS DISCUSS THE MERITS OF THE GREAT WAR LOAN.

WAR BORROWING.

IF all the national wealth was the price of victory, the price would not be too great, for we should soon recover all and more than all that we had paid.

But the capital wealth of the nation is at least fifteen thousand millions sterling, and the war has not yet cost us even one-sixth part of that!

Germany has contracted nearly four thousand millions of debt, while our war borrowings up to now are under three thousand millions.

Lothbury, E.C.

CITY MAN.

INCOME TAX HESITATIONS.

THE only unfortunate circumstance about the great loan is the fact that it comes out at income tax time.

This is really a serious hampering consideration for humbler subscribers. Some of us can only just afford our income tax—after having paid the quarterly expenses. Others, not knowing how much they will have to pay, dare not tie up money in the loan.

What a pity that "Six per Cents," stayed open so long and that the loan was not launched, say, in November.

Broadrick-road, Upper

Tooting.

A SMALL SACRIFICE.

FOR those who cannot serve in the trenches or in the factories, the Victory Loan creates the last grand opportunity. Equality of sacrifice there cannot be, for no man or woman can, by giving all that he or she possesses, give what the soldier gives who lays down his life for his country. That is the supreme sacrifice.

But equality of service there may be, for all will give in equal measure if they give all that is in their power to give.

In yet another sense national service may be equalised, for the man or the woman who gives what is as essential to victory as the valour of the hero, the labour of the munition worker, the talent of the organiser, the genius of the inventor, or, that even rarer genius, the genius of the great soldier whose generalship brings triumph.

SUBSCRIBER.

IN MY GARDEN.

JAN. 15.—The seeds of many flowers and vegetables may now be sown in a warm greenhouse. Pentstemons (beautiful plants and valuable because of their long period of bloom), antirrhinums, begonias, hollyhocks, violas, and many other perennials, will germinate quickly and provide one with a large number of plants.

If large bulbs of onions are required and an early supply of leeks, let these vegetables be sown at once. Use boxes or pans filled with good, sandy soil, and cover with sheets of glass until germination has taken place. When the young plants are large enough to handle they must be pricked out to other boxes. This is, of course, a most necessary operation.

E. F. T.

"Look here, my fightin' hero in the black coat," said he, "this man is my comrade. We've been in the trenches together this twelvemonth, an' what we're lookin' for is peace. We can talk this 'new matter over without any fightin', an' if youse civilians haven't learned to do that, say, by the time we come home for good we'll give ye your fill of it; only me an' him here'll be side by side. I'm as good a Unionist as you are; but in the place I've come from we think a deal more of a Nationalist that's standin' alongside us than we do of a Unionist that's sittin' at home."

"Behold," said I to myself, "the healing influence of the war."

It is the war at home we worry about!

A THOUGHT FOR TO-DAY.

Religion bids man prefer the endurance of a lesser evil before a greater, and nature itself does no less.—South.

AEROPLANE ACCIDENTS IN EUROPE AND AFRICA—GERMAN EXAMINE



A forced landing on Mafia Island (prior to the operations against the Hun cruiser *Konigsberg*) and the consequent smash.

WHY OFFENSIVES ARE HELD UP IN FRANCE.



Incessant bombardments have formed mother earth into rugged hillocks resembling volcanic eruptions, and it is this state of affairs, coupled with heavy rains, which holds up offensives. This track leads to Fort Douaumont—(French Official.)

ON A RUSSIAN HOSPITAL TRAIN.



The patients are en route to a Petrograd hospital. Russian hospital trains are elaborately fitted up and have various kinds of baths on board.

THE GERMAN LEVEY.



Civilian wearing an armlet on which is inscribed "In the service of the Fatherland."



This photograph is described as "an English flying machine with the fate of the pilot."

A V.C.'s WIDOW



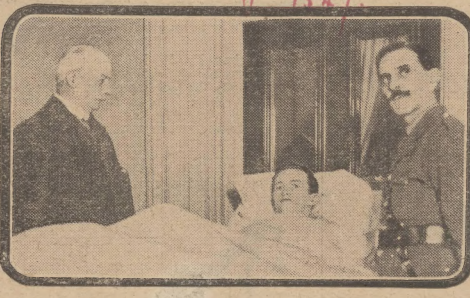
Lady Home, the widow of Sir Anthony Home, V.C., who has died. Sir Anthony won his V.C. at the relief of Lucknow.

MONSTER GRAMOPHONE



A huge gramophone which Sir presented to the wounded men of the German Empire. It is the largest in the world.

STAR AND GARTER ANNIVERSARY.



Sir George Cave, K.C., the Home Secretary, chatting to a patient at the Star and Garter on the occasion of the first anniversary of the opening of the home.

A BRITISH MACHINE WHICH FELL INTO THEIR HANDS IN FRANCE.



ded near Lille." The enemy says nothing concerning the is observer.

E AT HOSPITAL.



Parsons, of turbine fame, has residence, Holey Hall, North V.A.D. hospital.



An aeroplane which landed on the roof of a house through engine trouble. An official photograph from France.

FURS FROM PARIS.



In one case the furs could serve a double purpose and be used as a draught-board.

A DEATH.



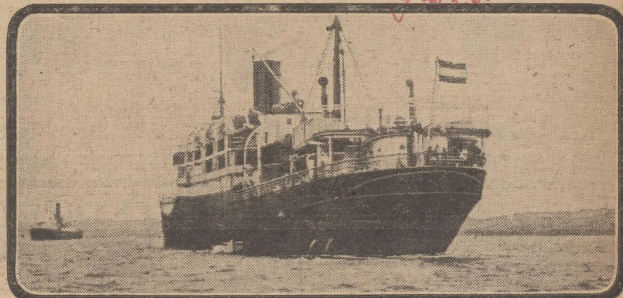
Mme. de Grevinop-Castenschild, wife of the Danish Minister to the Court of St. James', who has just died. (Swaine.)

WALKING DOWN "SANDBAG LANE."



A built-up communication trench running to the front line in France. The path is boarded.—(Official photograph.)

ENEMY PRIZE LINER TO BE SOLD.



The Prince Adalbert, which is to be sold by auction at the Baltic Exchange to-morrow. She was seized early in the war in Falmouth Harbour, and had a valuable cargo.

THE RULER OF THE RAMSHACKLE EMPIRE.



The King of Hungary (x) riding to Coronation Mound at Budapest, where part of the ceremony was performed. He was escorted by the Hungarian Bodyguard.

READ THE OPENING CHAPTERS OF OUR NEW SERIAL

THE PHANTOM LOVER

By RUBY
M. AYRES

CHAPTER I.

OUT in the night, a woman is crying—crying, despairingly.

The sound reaches Micky Mellowes, in his comfortable room, and arouses his curiosity. He is feeling drowsy, and joint with the world; for it is New Year's Eve, and he is alone. Acting on the impulse of the moment, he seizes up his coat and hat and goes out to investigate. It is all done in a detached sort of way—just to relieve his boredom. But at heart Micky is a good fellow, and very rich.

When he reaches the street he sees a girlish figure standing under a lamp, and he hurries towards her. She moves on, but Micky overtakes her.

"What is the matter?" he asks.

She turns and faces him, and Micky sees that she is more than beautiful.

At first she declares that there is nothing wrong; but Micky insists upon knowing the truth, and the girl tells him that she has left her home and is very miserable. In her arms she has a black cat, which she has rescued from the boarding-house.

Micky induces her to accompany him to a little restaurant, and they have supper together. He wins her confidence, and she accepts his offer of friendship in a desperate sort of way. Micky tells her his name, and reluctantly says that she is Esther Shepstone. She gives Micky her address, and promises to return home. He puts her into a taxi and walks back to his flat.

Micky Mellowes realises that Esther Shepstone has aroused more than a passing interest in his heart.

On his return to his rooms he finds Raymond Ashton waiting for him. He has forgotten all about the appointment, and he makes some lame excuse to account for his absence.

Ashton has come to say that he is leaving England at once. His mother has found out about his affair with the girl, and she has threatened to "cut him off" unless he abandons all idea of marrying her. Ashton cannot face poverty.

He tells Micky that he wants him to deliver a letter to the girl, explaining the situation.

Micky glances at the letter and sees the name—Miss Esther Shepstone—and the address is the one which the girl with the cat has given him.

SHADOWS OF DOUBT.

MICKY stood for a long moment staring at the envelope in his hand. He felt subconsciously as if something had happened to paralyse all feeling and power of action.

Esther Shepstone and Ashton's girl from Eldred's were one and the same; for the moment that was all he could grasp, and even that sounded absurd and impossible.

He had heard so much of this girl—Ashton had talked about her times without number—Lallie he had called her; now he came to think of it, Micky could not remember having ever heard her spoken of by any other name; and yet Lallie and Esther Shepstone were one and the same.

Was this, then, why she had cried, because of Ashton?

Ashton called to him impatiently from the stairs.

What the deuce are you doing, man? I shall miss my train.

Micky roused himself with a start, and dropping the letter into his pocket went slowly out of the room; he felt as if he could not have hurried had his life depended upon it, there was an absurdly cold sort of feeling round his heart.

It was ridiculous, of course; it was nothing to him if the girl with whom he had dined an hour ago loved Ashton, he had never seen her before. That sounded an absurd truth, too; it seemed impossible that until this evening he and she had never met.

"For heaven's sake, hurry up, man," said Ashton again sharply.

He was at the bottom of the stairs now; the face he turned over his shoulder to Micky looked pale and harassed.

Micky quickened his steps with an effort and joined his friend in the porch below; they stood together for a moment out on the path waiting for a taxicab.

Micky glanced at Ashton with a curious sense of unreality; he felt somehow as if he had never seen him before; it seemed impossible that this Ashton could know Esther—and Charles!

"So it is—just as I thought," said Ashton, banging open the door and got in. Micky followed, and they drove some way in silence.

"I'll take thundering good care I don't stay away very long," Ashton said suddenly, with a sort of growl. "And if the matter thinks it will make me forget Lallie."

"I thought her name was Esther," said Micky, quietly. He was looking out of the window into the starry night.

"So it is—but I always call her Lallie," He looked round at his friend with a sort of vague suspicion. "How do you know what her name is?"

"I saw it on the letter you gave me," Ashton grinned.

"I think it would be far better if you posted it to her yourself and have done with it," Micky said presently, with an effort. "I'm a rotten hand at this sort of thing, it can't do any good if I go and see her. It'll only raise false hopes—"

(Translation, dramatic and all other rights secured.)

"You said you would go—you might be a sport and stick to your word," Ashton protested. "I'd do the same for you any day."

Micky rather doubted it, but did not like to say so.

If you knew how sick I am about the whole rotten business," Ashton went on jerkily. "You may not believe me, but I tell you, Micky, that I'd marry that girl to-morrow if only—"

"Oh, you know!" Micky asked as he paused. "If only—what?" Micky asked as he paused. "Oh, you know! The dickens can I do without a bob with my name except when the matter chooses to dole out? I tell you," he went on with a sort of snarl, "it'll be very different when I get the money. Gad! if only I'd got it now!"

"Money isn't everything," said Micky, sententiously. "And if you like the girl, why not marry her and face it out?"

Ashton gave a savage little laugh.

"It's all very fine for you to say that money isn't everything—that's only because you've got it, and are never likely to be without it. You don't know what it feels like to be up to your eyes in debt, and not knowing when you'll turn for a fiver. Bah! what's the good of talking?"

He let down the window with a run, turning his face to the keen night air.

They were nearing their destination now, and there was still something he wanted to say to Micky which so far he had been afraid to put into words.

Well, I suppose I shan't be seeing you again for a bit," he said, with a forced laugh. "You've been a good pal to me, Micky."

Micky said "Rot!" rather shortly; he frowned in the darkness; Ashton got on his nerves that night; he rather wished he had not come to see him off.

"Oh, but you have—whether you like me to say so or not," the other man went on obstinately. "And—and there's one last thing I'm going to say to you before I go."

He waited, but Micky did not speak. The taxi was turning into the station yard now; moving slowly because of the congested traffic.

"If you could give Lallie some money," Ashton went on, with a rush. "I'd send her some, but I've only just got enough to get out of the way with. I'll pay you back as soon as the matter decides to send me another cheque."

Micky clenched his hands in the darkness, his face felt hot.

Hasn't she—hasn't she got any then?" he asked, with an effort.

"No—at least, I promised her some when I saw her this morning. She—she's left Eldred's. You see—he drew a hard breath—"you see, I hoped she'd be able to get married, and so—well, there was no sense in her staying on there. She was worked to death, any way, poor kid."

He glanced at Micky, but could not see his face.

"You understand, don't you?" he said, encouraged by his silence. "She owes them a bit at the boarding-house where she is living. I promised to wipe it off for her, but the matter's altered everything, and so—"

"I'll see to it," said Micky. He opened the door of the taxi and got out before it was at a standstill. He ran a finger round his collar, as if he were chafing. He took off his hat and the cold air play on his hot forehead. He could hardly trust himself to speak.

He was thankful when Ashton went off to see to his about. He walked into the station and found himself aimlessly staring at a notice-board. The blood was hammering in his temples; he could not remember when he had felt so utterly angry.

Had Ashton changed? he was asking himself in bewilderment. Or was it merely that he had never seen the man he really was until to-night?

He tried to remember what it was Ashton had told him about Esther Shepstone in the past. That she had been at Eldred's, he knew, and that Eldred's was a place where women bought silk petticoats and things, he also knew. He had heard Marie Deland and her friends talking about it lots of times. Marie had once invited him to accompany her there when they had been out together, but he had refused and had waited outside for her. Now he came to think of it, that was about all Ashton had ever told him of Esther Shepstone, except that she was a "stunner," and that he had never cared so much for any woman in his life.

Ashton had said that Ashton had been seen about with her a great deal; knew that he had had to stand a lot of harmless banter and chaff in consequence; he himself had joked about Ashton's latest, as they had all called her; it seemed now so monstrous that he should have thought of the way he had heard her sobbing in the street that night, of the distress in her eyes, of the hopeless way in which she had spoken. Ashton rejoined him.

"Buck up! The train's in."

They went along the platform together, followed by a porter with a truck laden with Ashton's baggage. Micky looked at it resentfully; Ashton was so suddenly prepared to enjoy himself; this was no rush after mere solitude and forgetfulness.

He stood stiffly at the carriage door while Ashton stowed his smaller traps on the rack overhead. Presently the train came to the window.

"You'll do the best you can, won't you, old man?" There was a real anxiety in his eyes now, but Micky was not looking at him; he answered absently.

"She'll soon get another job," Ashton went on, with forced confidence. "I'm sorry she left Eldred's, now it's come to this, but how was I to know?" he appealed to Micky, who he might



Esther Shepstone.

as well have appealed to a brick wall for all response he got.

"And when I come back—" he said again. "Tell her that when I come back things may be all right again. . . . tell her that, will you?"

"I'll tell her," said Micky stolidly.

The guard was blowing his whistle now, doors were being shut.

Micky roused himself and looked at his friend. "Yes, well, I shan't write—I'll write you my address as soon as I know where I'm staying, and you can let me know what she said and how she takes it. . . . Oh, confound it!"

A porter had come along and slammed the door; the train was already slowly moving. Micky was vaguely glad that there had been no time in which to shake hands. A moment, and he was walking away alone down the platform.

His hands were deep thrust in the pockets of his big coat; he took no notice of anything; he walked on and out of the station.

Well, this had been an eventful New Year's Eve with a vengeance; he glanced up at the big clock in the dome behind him—only a quarter to twelve now, and yet so much had been crowded into the past four hours. Since the moment when the Delands rang up to cancel his engagement to dine with them, he seemed to have stepped out of the old world into a new.

He wondered what Esther Shepstone was doing in the very horrid boarding-house of which she had told him—if she was thinking of leaving.

What a cad the man was, what a cad!—he was amazed that he had not discovered it before—to clear off and leave a girl in the lurch like this, without a word of farewell except what he had written the letter. He wondered what he had written—wondered if he meant to deliver it and admit that he knew Ashton, or if he meant just to stick a stamp on and post it—

He realised that there was nothing very much to be proud of in an admission that he knew Ashton, and yet they had been friends for years.

MICKY'S DILEMMA.

IT was striking twelve when he got home; he stood for a moment on the doorstep, looking up at the starry sky.

Several clocks were chiming midnight in the distance; he listened with a queer sense of fatalism.

This was the strangest New Year's Eve he had ever spent in his life. At this hour last year he had been dancing the old year out, and to-night, bad things gone as he had thought, he would have been somewhere with Marie Deland—he might even have proposed to her by this time. He smiled faintly, remembering that the intention had really been somewhere in the background of his mind; but that, too, had faded out now to give place to other, more important, factors.

Nine, ten, eleven, twelve! He counted the strokes mechanically; there was a breathless pause, then the clash of bells.

Some irrepressibles in a block of flats near by raised a cheer; the front door of a house opposite was open, and Micky caught a glimpse of a crowded hall and black-coated men and girls in pretty frocks.

He felt strangely removed from all the noise and laughter, after a moment he turned and went up to his room.

The fire had been carefully made up by Micky's maid, and his slippers of dressing gown put to warm. Micky looked at them with a sort of disgust; it was sickening for a healthy, grown man to be so pamppered; he kicked the

(Continued on page 11.)

A CHILD'S LAXATIVE IS

"CALIFORNIA SYRUP OF FIGS."

They Love to Take it, and it doesn't Harm the Tender Little Stomach, Liver and Bowels.

If your little one's tongue is coated, it is a sure sign that the stomach, liver and bowels need a gentle, thorough cleansing at once. When your child is cross, peevish, listless, pale, or doesn't sleep, eat or act naturally; if breath is bad, stomach out of order, system "stuffy" with a cold, throat sore, or if feverish, give a teaspoonful of "California Syrup of Figs," and in a few hours all the clogged-up constipated waste-matter, sour bile and undigested food will gently move out of the bowels, and you have a healthy, playful child again.

Sick children needn't be coaxed to take this harmless "fruit laxative." Millions of mothers keep it handy because they know that its action on the stomach, liver and bowels is prompt and sure. They also know that a little given to-day saves the child a day of illness to-morrow.

Ask your chemist for a bottle of "California Syrup of Figs," which contains directions for babies, children of all ages and for grown-ups plainly on the bottle. Get the genuine, made by "California Fig Syrup Company," and sold by all leading chemists, 1s. 3d. and 2s. Refuse substitutes.—(Adv.)

War Work and the Complexion.



Unless especially cared for the skin quickly loses its freshness, softness and clearness. A Little Pomeroy Skin Food rubbed into the cheeks at night cleanses the skin, keeps it soft and smooth, prevents wrinkles and beautifies the complexion.

Pomeroy Skin Food

—it works while you sleep.

1/6, 3/6 and 6/- Jars. Of High-class Chemists and Perfumers. Mrs. Pomeroy, Ltd., 29, Old Bond St., London, W.

HOW I DARKENED MY GREY HAIR.

Lady Gives Simple Home Recipe That She Used to Darken Her Grey Hair.

For years I tried to restore my grey hair to its natural colour with the prepared dyes and stains, but none of them gave satisfaction and they were all expensive. I finally came across a simple recipe which I mixed at home that gives wonderful results. I gave the recipe, which is as follows, to a number of my friends, and they are all delighted with it. To 7ozs. of water add a small box of Orlex Compound and 1 oz. of bay rum. These ingredients can be bought at any chemist at very little cost. Use every other day until the hair becomes the required shade. It will not only darken the grey hair, but removes dandruff and acts as a tonic to the hair. It is not sticky or greasy, does not rub off and does not colour the scalp. —(Adv.)

ARE YOU SHORT?

If you are short, let me help you to increase your height. Mr. Briggs reports an increase of 6 inches. Mr. Redfern 4 inches. Miss Davies 3 inches. Mr. Ling 2 inches. Mr. Green 1 1/2 inches. Miss Lavelle 4 inches. My system requires only 10 minutes morning and evening and greatly improves the health, nerve and complexion. Send 3 penny stamps for further particulars. Write to Mr. Arthur Girvan, Specialist in the Increase of Height Dept. A. 15, Strand Green Rd., London, N.





Lady Camoys, who gave birth to a daughter on Friday at Holmwood, Kingston-hill.

The New Pensions Scale.

I HEARD yesterday that the new scheme of pensions is practically ready for launching and that the necessary Royal Warrant may be expected very shortly. It entails a big added expenditure, and I believe there was some difficulty with the jealous guardians of the Treasury, but that has been surmounted.

Electoral Changes.

There is a lot of political gossip just now about electoral reform. I know the Speaker's Committee has been very busy lately, and in recommendations which will be forthcoming very soon I hear that among many changes advocated will be the shortening of the period of qualification for a vote and the limitation of plural voting to two claims—one for place of residence and one for place of business.

Differences of Opinion.

The thorny and complicated question of proportionate representation has been investigated very closely, and I am told that the Committee is in favour of a scheme. I have reason to know, however, that in some quarters this would meet with very strong opposition, and in that case the Committee may content itself with recommendations on which there may be more general agreement.

Labour Ministers' Speeches.

Two or three Labour people I have met lately are anticipating several Ministerial pronouncements at the forthcoming Labour Party conference. Messrs. Henderson, Hodge, Barnes, Brace and Roberts will all be there as delegates, and they are expected to take the opportunity of making important pronouncements.

A Changed House of Lords.

At the opening of Parliament on February 7 a considerable change will be observable in the House of Lords. A large number of peers who have succeeded to their titles will be present for the first time, while the new creations of Mr. Asquith on his retirement from the Premiership will also have their initial experience of the dignified atmosphere of the Upper Chamber.

In the City.

"Money talks," said the City man, shoving a fat cheque in to the cashier for some of the war loan. "It does," said the cashier, "and the loan is a good listener."

The John Bull of Hammermith.

The typical Empire representative of Hammermith, who by some strange mistake at his christening was named William instead of John—I refer, of course, to Sir William Bull, M.P.—has happily recovered from a severe operation for appendicitis and is doing valiant war work. He was the guest of Sir Harry North, of Lemon Well, Kent, on Sunday.

In the Hands of the Huns.

That popular London clergyman, the Rev. B. G. Bouchier, has, I see, left England for Canada on a preaching visit. Mr. Bouchier, who is a relative of Mr. Arthur Bouchier, had a very unpleasant experience shortly after the outbreak of the war. He was arrested in Belgium by the Germans, nearly lynched by an infuriated mob, and imprisoned. Finally, he regained his liberty and returned to England, with definite opinions about the Huns.



Rev. B. G. Bouchier.

Salonika volunteered the opinion that there is no bacon or ham that equals in favour the kind that is chestnut-fed. He said that in Greece and the Balkans the pigs wax fat on them.

TO-DAY'S GOSSIP

News and Views About Men, Women, and Affairs in General

The Westminster Requiem.

I attended the requiem mass for the late Count Benckendorff which was held in Westminster Cathedral yesterday. It was a solemn and impressive ceremony, though the absence of Cardinal Bourne, who is now at Rome, deprived it of at least one element of picturesqueness.

Distinguished Mourners.

Scattered about the vast cathedral I noticed many distinguished friends of the late Russian Ambassador. The Grand Duke Michael had come to pay a last tribute of respect to his dead compatriot. Near the front of the church I noticed the ex-Premier with Mrs. Asquith, Miss Elizabeth Asquith and Master Anthony, while there was a full representation of the various Embassies to the Court of St. James.

Elgar and Russia.

I hear that Sir Edward Elgar, the famous composer, is leaving this country in a few days for Russia, whither he will be accompanied by M. Savonoff. Sir Edward's stay will extend over a few months.

The Rush to the Tanks.

The cinemas must have done a record business yesterday. Everybody, it seemed, wanted to see the tanks. A friend with whom I was lunching said: "The first pictures I saw of the tanks were in *The Daily Mirror*. Then I saw those fine enlargements at the Canadian Exhibition in the Grafton Galleries. And to-night I'm going to see the tanks again—at my local picture palace."

A Tireless War Worker.

One does not hear much of Lady Ormonde's war work, but I know she works assiduously at Lady Constance Butler's hospital for facial



The Marchioness of Ormonde.

injuries in Norfolk-street, Park-lane. Lady Ormonde's forte is planning things for the pleasure or welfare of the patients.

Entertaining the Wounded.

I hear that Lord Northcliffe is going to speak to an audience of 400 wounded "Tommys" at the Savoy this afternoon. An excellent concert has been arranged for our disabled heroes, and the artists for to-day include Miss Gina Palermo, Miss Teddie Gerard, Miss Haidée de Rance, Mr. Nelson Keys and Mr. George Robey.

After the Chauffeurs.

So we are to have women taxi-drivers at last! I shouldn't be surprised if we became accustomed to women as head waiters in the smart restaurants before the war is over.

"The Sincerest Flattery."

The military walk is as popular now as the "cakewalk" used to be. Yesterday I noticed three girls who were walking together shuffle their feet and step out to time in true soldierly fashion.

A Soldiers' Sing-Song.

I looked in for a few minutes to the Princes Theatre on Sunday to see Mr. Seymour Hicks give his first Sunday evening concert for the soldiers and sailors. The place was brown with khaki. The men were earnestly asked to join in the choruses, but "Tommy" is often shy when not before the Huns, and it was not until "Tennessee" came along that the audience let themselves go.

The Industrious "Imagists."

Talking to a follower of the Imagist school, she told me that writing Imagist poetry is very difficult. I should be inclined to think, however, that it must be much easier to write than to read.

Conhibition.

I see that an anti-prohibition meeting which was held the other day was advertised as a conhibition meeting.

"Tommy's" January Tub.

It seemed an inauspiciously chilly day to provide "Tommy" with a tub, but the collection yesterday was quite brisk. As the Countess de Morella said, "After all, there is a heater with each bath."

"Just Natural."

Witticisms flowed freely in the Puzzle Day Depot, where the Duchess of Rutland presided. I inquired of Lady Tree how business was. "Magnificent," she said. "Marvellous, marvellous. Oh, everything that begins with M." "Why not say 'miraculous,' and be done?" said Lady Diana Manners, who was selling beside her. "Because the gathering of money with you to help is not miraculous," said Lady Tree, with a smile. "It's just natural."

Ysaye's daughter.

The Lord Mayor, Lady Lethbridge told me, was the first to make his contribution at the Mansion House depot, and very generous it was. One of the most charming of helpers I saw waiting in the old hall to be supplied with puzzles was Mlle. Ysaye, daughter of the great violinist. She was resting in the old Dickens watchman's chair that stands in the hall.

In the Ring.

I think the most exciting collection must have been made last night, when a well-known society lady, with a little army of pretty girls, invaded the Ring at Blackfriars and made a splendid collection, amid the encouragement of the combatants.

Puzzle Parties.

I hear that several puzzle parties were held last night, at which the guests were set to solving the puzzles purchased from fair vendors in the streets earlier in the day.

A Veiled Economy.

The most popular veils at the moment are those with embroidered metal-work borders. Besides being becoming, they smarten up the oldest hat in a way calculated to appeal to those bent on war-time economy.



Miss Mabel Funston, who is shortly returning to the stage.

The Compton Dinner.

I was at the dinner which the O.P. Club gave to Mr. Edward Compton at the Monico in recognition of the thirty-fifth anniversary of the Compton Comedy Company. It was a pleasant little function, and, though we were limited to the regulation three courses, there was every indication of friendliness and goodfellowship.

The Duke at Dulwich.

No sooner had the Duke of Connaught declared South London's Economy Exhibition open at the Dulwich Baths yesterday than he made straight for the temporary post office there, produced 18s. 6d., a fountain pen and his glasses, and demanded a War Savings Certificate. The girl appeared to be worried by the Duke's signature, which was simply "Arthur," but was assured that it was strictly legal.

Goats and Babies.

The Duchess got lost in the crowd for quite a while, having stayed behind at a stall which gave an exhibition of dairy work with advice on goat-keeping. The other exhibit where both the Duke and Duchess spent a considerable time was the model crèche for munition workers' babies, complete with eight chubby mites, whose mothers were at the lathes.

The Versatile Kaiser.

"As the Kaiser is asserting a monopoly of morals I fancy he soon will claim to be the author of the Decalogue," said a man at the club yesterday. THE RAMBLER.

The Dry Shampoo for the Winter

During Winter weather you will not always feel like washing your hair—nor, indeed, is it altogether advisable to wash the hair too often in Winter.

A thorough wet shampoo, say every few weeks, will be quite sufficient and, in between—about two or three times a week—a dry shampoo with the purest and safest powder shampoo you can buy—ICILMA HAIR POWDER.

Icilmia Hair Powder collects all the dust and grease from the hair and scalp and, when brushed out, leaves it fresh and comfortable again. It is actually the only dry shampoo which readily brushes out.

When suffering from cold or illness a dry shampoo with Icilmia Hair Powder will thoroughly cleanse and brighten the hair without any wetting at all. A little powder, a vigorous brushing—that's all!

Icilmia

Hair Powder

2d. per packet; 7 packets 1/-, large box, 1/6.

Icilmia is pronounced Eye-Silma.

ICILMA COMPANY, LTD., 37, 39, 41, King's Road, St. Pancras, N.W.

'THE PHANTOM LOVER.'

(Continued from page 9.)

slippers into a corner and tossed the dressing-gown on to the couch.

He wondered what sort of a room Esther Shephstone had in the very horrid boarding-house—what odd corner the thin black cat curled into to sleep.

He took Ashton's letter from his pocket and stung it up against the clock on the mantelshelf.

"Miss Esther Shephstone. . ."

It was fate, that's what it was! He wondered if she would ever have lived to get that letter had fate not thrown her across his path that night.

She had been desperate—at the end of her tether, and all for the sake of that dead Ashton! What had Ashton said to her when they met that morning? Did she really care for him so much? She must do, to be so heart-broken.

He turned his back on the letter and lit a cigarette, but he let it go out almost at once, and turned back to stare once more at the name scrawled on the envelope.

What had Ashton written to her? It worried him because he did not know. Ashton had had other love affairs—not quite so serious ones, perhaps, but still serious enough—and Mickey knew that when he had wearied of them he had set about getting free of them by the shortest route, caring little if it were also a brutal one. He thought of the despair he had seen in Esther's face that evening; he dreaded that there might be something in Ashton's farewell letter that would plunge her back more deeply into her misery.

But in the night the bells were still ringing joyously.

It was New Year's Morning, and to-morrow, perhaps, if he sent that letter. . . He stood quite still for a moment, staring at it; then suddenly he threw his dead cigarette into the fire and snatched the letter down from the shelf. He tore it open impulsively and drew out the envelope. He laid the letter flat and began to read. The silence of the room was unbroken save for the little crisp sound as Mickey turned the paper and the clang of the bells out in the night; then the letter fluttered to the rug at his feet and lay there, half-curved up, as if it were ashamed of the words it bore and wished to hide them.

Micky raised his eyes and looked at his reflection in the glass above the mantelshelf. The pallor of his face surprised him, and the look of passionate anger in his eyes.

He was a man of the world. He was no better and no worse than many of the men whom he knew and called his friends, but this letter, in its brutal callousness, seemed to shame his very manhood.

He had liked Ashton, had been his constant companion for years, but he had never suspected him of being capable of this.

He supposed he ought to be ashamed of having opened the letter, but he was not ashamed; he was glad, glad that he had been able to spare the girl this last and hardest blow of all—the knowledge that the man whom she loved and trusted was unworthy.

Presently he stooped and picked the letter up from the rug. He picked it up with the tips of his fingers, as if it were something repulsive to him, and threw it down on the table.

The first few words stared at him as it lay there.

"Dear Lallie,—By the time you get this letter I shall be out of England, and I hope you won't make things worse for me than they already are by trying to find out where I have gone or by writing me and asking me to come home. The worst of these little flirtations is that they always have to end, as this must, and you must have known it."

Micky drew in his breath hard; not an hour ago in this very room Ashton had made out how out-up he was at the turn his affairs had taken, and yet all the time he had written this callous letter.

He flicked over a page and read on:—

"I shall never forget you and the good times we've had together. I should try and get back at Eldred's, if I were you. It's a good thing we didn't get married as matters have turned out, for the fat would have been in the fire with a vengeance. As it is, I shall have all my work out to put the matter in a good temper again. I am sending you some money by Micky Mellows; he's a friend of mine and as rich as Cray and as selfish as the devil. If he offers to take you out, let him, by all means. It wouldn't be a bad thing if he took a fancy to you; he doesn't care a hang for anyone but himself. . . If you'd got half his money. . . but what's the use of kidding me, is it? Anyway, this is good-bye; I sha'n't write again. Be a sensible girl, and try and see things from my point of view. It would only have meant ruin for both of us if I'd stuck to you. Good-bye; I send you my love for the last time.—RAYMOND ASHTON."

Micky felt dead. The bells were still ringing in the new year.

But they were strangely out of tune with Micky's feelings. He felt like a criminal—like an assassin who was about to strike a dastardly blow at his helpless victim's back.

Should he destroy the letter? Should he post it?

What could he do?

These were the thoughts which perplexed him as he stood with the hateful letter in his hand. It seemed to burn his fingers. What should he do with it?

Another long instalment of this fascinating story will appear to-morrow.

ARTIFICIAL TEETH.

Rate, 2s. 6d. per line, minimum, 2 lines.
LADY RUTH'S Teeth Society, Ltd.—Dentists, 10, 11, 12, 13, 14, 15, 16, 17, 18, 19, 20, 21, 22, 23, 24, 25, 26, 27, 28, 29, 30, 31, 32, 33, 34, 35, 36, 37, 38, 39, 40, 41, 42, 43, 44, 45, 46, 47, 48, 49, 50, 51, 52, 53, 54, 55, 56, 57, 58, 59, 60, 61, 62, 63, 64, 65, 66, 67, 68, 69, 70, 71, 72, 73, 74, 75, 76, 77, 78, 79, 80, 81, 82, 83, 84, 85, 86, 87, 88, 89, 90, 91, 92, 93, 94, 95, 96, 97, 98, 99, 100.

MISCELLANEOUS.

A NEW Cure for Deafness—Full particulars of a certain Cure for Deafness and Noise will be sent post free by D. Clifton, 15, Broad-st., Hill, London, E.C.

TO-DAY'S NEWS ITEMS.

Suicide at 13.

A thirteen-year-old schoolboy, named George Wren, committed suicide by hanging at Carisbrooke.

Famous Oarsman Dead.

Captain A. B. Close Brooks, who rowed for Cambridge against Harvard in 1906, has died of wounds.

College Cook Found Hanged.

Formerly at Windsor Castle kitchens, Mr. Frank Doring, cook at Queen's, Cambridge, was found hanging yesterday in the college stores.

Convicted Man's Outburst.

"I am innocent," exclaimed Thomas A. Jackson yesterday, when the Court of Criminal Appeal dismissed his appeal against a sentence of three years' penal servitude for attempting to blackmail Mr. Godfrey Isaacs.

FOR A CHILD'S SAKE.

Judge's Dramatic Appeal to Wife Who Left Husband.

From Our Own Correspondent.

DUNELM, Monday.—"I have left him for ever," declared a wife when Mr. Justice Gibson, in the King's Bench Division, appealed to her to-day to return to her husband.

"Don't blame him too much," said the Judge. "You have only one husband in this world. You took him 'for better, for worse.'"

The case was one in which Andrew Thomas Stotesbury, a contractor, asked for an order against his wife for the custody of their only child, Dorothy Muriel, aged eleven. The wife left home with the child owing, as she alleged, to the husband's cruelty.

The wife alleged that the husband whipped her on many occasions and hardly ever spoke to her without swearing.

Mr. Justice Gibson said it would be cruel to tear the child from the mother, when she had not misconducted herself, and as it was stated both parties were deeply attached to the child, the case was adjourned for settlement.

DAWN OF A NEW ERA.

Mr. A. Henderson, M.P., Predicts Brighter Days After Victory.

"These were dark days. Hell appeared to be let loose, and those forms of wickedness which were the negation of brotherhood appeared to have obtained a temporary triumph."

So declared Mr. Arthur Henderson, M.P., a member of the War Cabinet, at a meeting of the Croydon Brotherhood last night.

The crisis, however, had a moral significance. If, as a united people inspired by the justice of our cause, we consecrated our all to the accomplishment of our noble purpose and pressed forward with courage and determination, he believed that victory would be ours, and that this year might witness the inauguration of a new era of peace.



FREE TRIAL BOTTLE

ANGIER'S EMULSION

Send name and address, 4d. postage, and mention this paper.
THE ANGIER CHEMICAL CO., LTD., 85 Clerkenwell Road, Lond. N.1, E.C.

Foster Clark's

Foster Clark's 2d. Soup Squares make 9 varieties of Delicious Nourishing Soups of unequalled excellence

You Simply add Water.

2D SOUPS

Nursed Admiral Jellicoe.

Admiral Jellicoe's old nurse, Miss Annie Slight, has died at Southampton, aged ninety.

Pool Your Businesses.

With a view of carrying on trade with a minimum of labour, East Ham Tribunal suggest that tradesmen should pool their businesses.

Munitioneer's £10,000 Legacy.

Stating that he had come into a legacy of £10,000, and had affairs to settle, a debauched munitioneer was granted a month's exemption at Birmingham Tribunal yesterday.

Mr. Hogge's Pensions League.

Mr. J. M. Hogge, M.P., writes stating that he has founded an association to be known as "The Naval and Military War Pensions and Welfare League," the offices of which are at Parliament Mansions, Victoria-street, London, S.W.

GARDENING AS "DRILL."

Allowed to Grow Vegetables Instead of Joining Volunteers.

Having been given exemption by the House of Commons Appeal Tribunal, on condition that he joined the Volunteers, the applicant, a man of forty-one, asked to be excused this.

He had, he said, a large allotment, and he devoted Saturdays and Sundays to growing vegetables. This was quite enough to keep a man employed, and if he were compelled to join the Volunteers he could not do his present work. The chairman said he quite understood that, and they would excuse him joining the Volunteers.

HIS GREAT ILLUSION.

Suicide of Man Who Tried to Solve Perpetual Motion Riddle.

"He became depressed because he found that his idea that he had discovered the source of perpetual motion was an illusion," said a witness at a Lambeth inquest yesterday "on Thomas M. Todd, 52, chemist's assistant, of Blakenheim."

He came to London to complete his invention. It failed, however, and later he was found unconscious from the effects of veronal. The verdict of suicide whilst temporarily insane was returned.

YESTERDAY'S BOXING.

The National Sporting Club reopened for the season with a mixed programme, the principal event of which was a fifteen-round bout between Bob Cotton and Lance Corporal Wye. The pat. put up a nice clean fight. Wye had to take a count of nine in the eleventh round, but he was the cleverer all through and won on points.

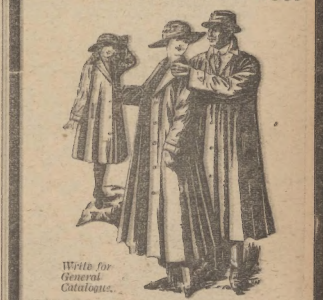
At the Ring yesterday afternoon, Bob Scanlon, who has been serving with the 170th Regiment of France, beat Stoker Smith, the referee stopping the bout in the third round.

In a fifteen-round contest at the Holborn Stadium Gus Beckett beat Sergeant Harry Curzon, R.E.M., on points. Young Jim Brooks defeated Young Charlie the Welsh featherweight, at Horton Baths, in a fifteen-round bout, on points.

The Guinea Andamax 21 Pocket Slip-on



GUARANTEED WATERPROOF



FOR MEN & WOMEN.

In Light and Dark Fawn, Olive, Navy Blue and Black.

SENT ON APPROVAL.

State Height and Chest Measurement.

CASH REFUNDED IN FULL

if the "Andamax" is not approved

and is returned in seven days.

THE "ANDAMAX" CAN BE SLIPPED EASILY

OVER A SHOULDER FOR WINTER WEAR AND

CARRIED IN THE OVERCOAT POCKET WHEN

NOT RAINING.

Each Garment packed in a strong box.

The "Andamax" can be obtained from

any high-class Outfitter, Hosiery, etc.,

or from—

Anderson, Indiarubber, Waterproof and

Oliver Manufacturers,

37, QUEEN VICTORIA ST., E.C.

38-39, CHANCERY CROSS, S.W.

(Wholesale and Export.)

35, 36, PAUL'S CHURCHYARD, E.C.

LONDON

BARGAINS

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Satisfaction or

Money Back.

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To Clearly Show

Time at Night as

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Everybody Is Talking About "The Phantom Lover"—See Page 9

THE 'Sunday Pictorial' always contains the Best Special Articles by Famous Writers.

The Daily Mirror

CERTIFIED CIRCULATION LARGER THAN THAT OF ANY OTHER DAILY PICTURE PAPER

BUY 'The Daily Mirror's' War Picture Postcards containing the Tanks : : :

THE LATE AMBASSADOR—REQUIEM AT WESTMINSTER CATHEDRAL.



The scene in Westminster Cathedral. (A) Lord French, (B) the Lord Mayor and (C) the Duke of Connaught, who represented the King.



Lord French and Sir Francis Lloy.



The Grand Duke Michael.



The Duke of Connaught.



Mr. Balfour arriving.

The Duke of Connaught, Lord French, the Lord Mayor and Sheriffs, the Speaker and several Cabinet Ministers were present at the requiem which was solemnised at Westminster Cathedral yesterday for the repose of the soul of the late Russian Ambassador, Count Benckendorff. —(Daily Mirror and Alhert.)

BRAVE MINISTERS OF ALL DENOMINATIONS WHOSE NAMES FIGURE IN THE HONOURS LIST.



The Rev. Ronald Irwin, who has been awarded the D.S.O. and a bar to his Military Cross.



Canon M. Linton Smith, vicar of St. Nicholas, Blundellands, who has been awarded the D.S.O.



The Rev. A. C. Cousins, M.C., a Bristol curate, who also took part in the South African War.



The Rev. L. G. Hughes, a Sheffield Baptist minister, who has been mentioned in dispatches.



The Rev. Herbert Reid, M.C., a Glasgow minister, who rescued wounded officers.



The Rev. James Ogden, vicar of St. Catherine's, Liverpool, mentioned in dispatches.



The Rev. C. S. Dunn, formerly a curate at St. Michael's, Headingley, who has been wounded.